Heartfelt thanksgiving!
Oh! let it rise
Like the mist of morn
Toward the azure skies;
Let the heart be glad
And the song be gay,
As we welcome the joys
Of Thanksgiving Day.

How sweet is home
With its altar fires!
The meeting of sons
With their happy sires!
The fair young wives
And their little flocks,
In brand-new coats
And Sunday frocks.

We gather around
The old-time board,
The blessing is asked,
The tea is poured,
And the children laugh
In their merry way,
When the turkey comes in
On Thanksgiving Day.

But what's this glee
To that which comes
With the smoking pudding
So full of plums?
And the rosy fruit
Without stint or lack,
And, last of all,
The nuts to crack?

What beautiful seasons
To him who roams,
Are these meetings rare
In the land of homes,
When the young and old,
The grave and gay,
Lift up their hearts
On Thanksgiving Day!

OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER

BY L. M. B.

My chum, John Meredith, was going home. He was always sighing for his home, and at times this longing possessed him so completely that he seemed on the point of abandoning his prospects of becoming a rich man.

Meredith had been in ill health, but ten years' residence in the west had made a new man of him. Success at last had come our way, and he suddenly announced that he was going home for his Thanksgiving dinner. He was a quiet, queer fellow, any way you put it; lately, however, he had seemed wonderfully alert. The arrival of the weekly mail found him in a state of great expectation, and after he had read his letters he would sit quietly all evening looking very happy and smiling as he read them over again. He always was a non-committal chap, but this time there was no mistaking the signs, so I suspected his homesickness, and judged his case, as one is apt to do, by the light of my own. No wonder, poor fellow, that he wanted to wipe out the 1,500 miles which alone stood between him and that Thanksgiving turkey! For my own part, I can swear that no power as yet known to man could keep me back from Jim McKenzie's Thanksgiving dinner, for Mary was to be there—Mary whom all these years I had remembered and loved so well. I had never forgotten her beautiful deep, dark eyes, which seemed to search one's soul with that penetrating look one sees sometimes in a baby's eyes.

There was but little out here in the mountains to relieve the tedium of our long evenings, so Jim McKenzie's weekly visits were always heralded with joy. We made merry over his coming, and our carefully prepared dinner we regarded as a feast. We talked it over in the morning, and when evening came we began to plan for next week's coming. No wonder McKenzie was always welcome. His mind was stored with the thrilling adventures of early days in the mountains. We never tired of listening to the story of his own good luck; how, way down near the stream on the side of the mountain, his quick eye had detected the bits of shining gold; how, day by day and all alone, he followed up the little thread of gold until he had discovered the secret of the mountain's heart, the generous yield of ore which had made him the richest man in "Golden Point." With touching pathos he would tell us of the brave hearted men no less worthy than himself who had come out here to meet only bitter disappointment and blasted hopes. At rare intervals he would speak to us of his own early trials, of his dead wife, to whose loving care and gentle sympathy he confidently and proudly attributed his entire success and all that was good in him. Then, too, he always brought us news of his daughter Mary. At first her letters were only outpourings of her homesick, loving heart; she was born to live in the mountains, and declared she must have the freedom of the mountain bird. After a while her letters breathed a more contented spirit. In an incredibly short time the mountain bird had ceased to flutter against the bars of her cage. Her quick and receptive mind soon yielded to the guidance of those about her, and with the full force of an artist nature she pursued the work of her education.

Thus from week to week we listened with delight to the welcome budget Jim would bring. Sometimes Mary's letters were only of her life at school, her books, her new friends—and my heart would sink—for then she seemed so far, so very far away! Again, she would write of herself, of the love she bore her father and her home, with an occasional—a very occasional—message for Harry, at which, of course, my heart would beat with joy, and I would cough or light my pipe, do anything to hide the tell-tale light I knew was in my eyes. During the last year she had written most of her home-coming; and lately her letters had taken a tone of great seriousness, with many allusions to her "duty as a woman."

In her latest letter she begged that her father would take her more seriously; she "could not be a butterfly," and she spoke of "woman's sphere being broad and far-reaching." McKenzie only laughed and said, "Poor child! she is sighing for the mountain air." He wrote her of the beautiful filly he had trained and made ready for her use, and she would soon see for herself how very long and broad her woman's sphere could be.

At last a letter came telling that she was surely coming home, and telling how anxious she was to be with him on Thanksgiving Day. She complained ever so gently that she feared he had not taken her exactly as she wished—that she was no longer a child, and that her mind was quite occupied with the problem of "Woman's Mission." In fact, she had lately been made president of the Woman's Emancipation Circle, which organization had originated in her school with every promise of becoming a power for great good among women. "I subjoin," she added, "the principal maxims for which we pledge ourselves to labor without ceasing:

"We claim equal rights before the law.

"We ask equal pay for equal work.

"We ask that men cease to impose upon us by their empty flattery, and

"That we be recognized as reasonable human beings with eyes to see for ourselves; hands to work as we will."

This time even McKenzie could not fail to catch her meaning; he looked puzzled and troubled, and finally said: "In the morning she will be half way home and I shall go to meet her. I think," he added slowly, "I think Mary needs her father. Yes, I'm sure—dead sure—she needs her father."

Meanwhile I had registered a solemn vow that every claim and every assertion of this New Woman should be disproved and contradicted by Mary in her own sweet self. When I closed my eyes that night it was to dream of Thanksgiving Day and Mary and I really believe that in my sleep I heard the sweet sound of wedding bells.

* * * * * *

For some time the next day McKenzie was shyly making his daughter's acquaintance. He could not for the life of him see the slightest trace of the dread phantom her last letter had created. He thanked God that she was womanly and gentle; that her heart was right, whatever error of fancy had gotten into her head.

"Why, dear Mary!" he answered her, "you don't want to work like a man. You can't do it. When I was your age I could handle a pick all day; I could do it now. A woman's work cannot be equal to man's; so it is hardly fair for her to ask equal pay—besides, it was to Adam the command was given 'to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.'"

Poor Mary! She could not help being disconcerted. Her father's opinions, she knew, were always based on common sense. So it was some time before she spoke again; and then it was to ask why it was that women did not have equal rights with men before the law. He answered that women surely do have equal rights before the law. "You see," my dear, he went on, "their rights are really identical, their interests the same; and it is a man's first notion of duty to see that these rights are respected. I would like to see any person interfere with your rights or hear of any law that would be unjust to you. By George! I would soon show that your rights were my rights, and that the law exists solely for the benefit of mankind, which you

"AN OCCASIONAL LETTER FROM HARRY."

know, my dear, includes woman kind, even the 'New Woman,' too."

Poor Mary was confounded. After all, were men and women really equal before the law? If that were so, what became of the enormous injustices and flagrant abuses that women had silently and patiently borne all these years? It all seemed so confusing, so difficult, so very puzzling; she could not doubt that her father was right—he always was on practical questions. She looked out of the car window, and was silent. Her eyes were full of tears. It was hard to believe that the Woman's Emancipation Circle was, after all, to have no existence in the world, and that all of her fine arguments, broad views on the woman subject were surely disappearing—melting away before her father's clear and convincing assertions.

She recognized at once that she had met defeat, and with all the bravery she could command, the conversation was turned to other things. In a short time they would be home and enjoy Thanksgiving day together.

* * * *

Was it in truth necessary for me to see McKenzie at once about that broken fence, or was it only the crisp mountain air that tempted me from the house hours before I was expected to arrive at Jim McKenzie's? One thing was certain, I could not wait another moment, and in half an hour I was speeding along and nearing his place. As I rode up I saw her standing on the porch. She came quickly forward to meet me. I blushed like a schoolboy when I took her hand and looked into her eyes. Yes, there was still the deep, searching, truly baby look. I felt relieved at once and thought, "It won't be so very hard, after all; she could not look like that and be really a New Woman."

In a few moments I had forgotten about the broken fence, and we went together to see the beautiful brown filly. I suggested that there was time enough to try her before dinner, and Mary acquiesced at once. She had a fancy to saddle the horse herself. I never thought of interfering until she came to tighten the girth; then I simply said:

"You would better let me do that for you."

"Never mind," she answered; "why can't a woman use her hands and help herself?"

Of course I was disconcerted, and saw at once that I was treading on dangerous ground, but I only laughed and said:

"She can. She certainly has the right, but why not allow a fellow the privilege?"

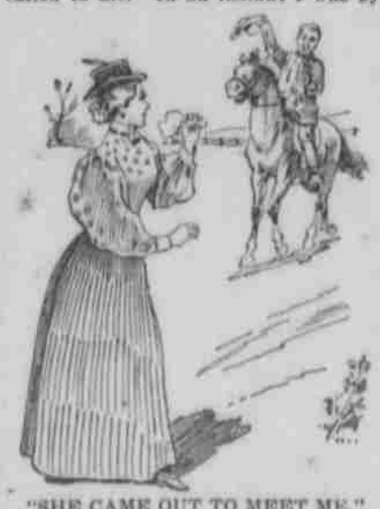
Then, in a defiant tone, she replied:

"We don't want privileges or aid; we only want what is just."

"At your hands," I answered, "I don't ask for justice, at all; but I do yearn for privileges."

She tossed her head in reply, and stood ready to mount.

In a few moments we were off, scouring the country, riding up the mountains and walking our horses slowly down again. Near the base of the timber line Mary's horse suddenly shied, her saddle turned, but in her terror she called to me. In an instant I was by



"SHE CAME OUT TO MEET ME."

her side and just saved her from falling to the ground. Of course I had to straighten the saddle; and I simply asserted:

"You see, I am stronger than you, and I yielded my right too easily. You will always let me saddle your horse in future!"

I suppose it was the shock that made her blush and look so baffled as she glanced at me, and I felt sure that I had scored a point. After this we rode quickly home. It was almost time for dinner, and McKenzie was waiting for us on the porch. We went together to look after the broken fence. When we returned to the house I found Mary in the parlor, struggling with a big log of wood that had rolled from its place, and I further noticed that her gown was in danger from the flames. So intent was she in her efforts to replace the burning log that she did not notice my approach. I stood there quietly, watching the smoking log on the rug, which momentarily I expected to see burst into flames.

She looked so pitiful and helpless that my heart softened entirely, and I was about to go to her, when she turned and saw me quietly looking on.

"Why don't you come?" she said. "Dont you see I can not budge this log?"

Surely this was my day for luck! I saw another chance and took it.

"Step aside," I said; "let me take it up." With the aid of the tongs and a shovel I easily put the log back in place.

"You see, men are stronger than women," I said. This time she would give me no answer, but in her eyes I read that I had scored my second point.

In a few moments dinner was ready, and a happier trio never sat down to a Thanksgiving feast. Mary had for the moment forgotten her misadventures, and a more charming hostess could not be imagined.

In the quiet joy of Mary's return McKenzie looked blissful and contented. I confess to having felt a little nervous. So far the day had gone well with me, but I wanted to score my third and last point. I anxiously awaited my opportunity, which presently came in the shape of the great American turkey. The turkey was brought in just as I was telling in a triumphant tone of Mary's proud refusal of my good offices in adjusting her saddle, and how she did not hesitate to demand my obedience when she really needed my services. Jim ordered the turkey placed before Mary, and explained that her mother had always carved; no one knew so well as she how to select the choicest bits and give to each one just the dainty morsel most coveted, and now Mary must learn to do the same.

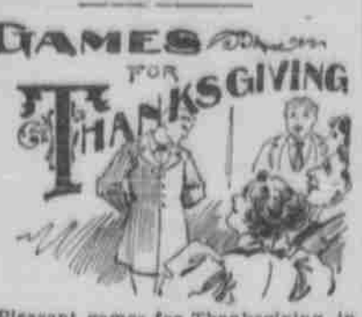
She took the large knife in her hand and gazed at it, looking very dubious; then she stuck the fork well into the turkey's breast and made another attempt to use the knife.

She looked at her father a moment, but his attention was altogether bent upon selecting a choice bit of celery. Then she gave me a hurried, appealing glance! I moved my chair a little, but said nothing. At length she turned to me again and put her hand on my arm and gently said:

"I say, Harry, I believe men are stronger and bigger and braver than women. Won't you please carve this for me?"

My last point was scored, and can you wonder that I consider Thanksgiving the greatest day of the year, and the American turkey the greatest of birds? But here we call it the falcon—it sometimes catches mountain birds.

GAMES FOR THANKSGIVING



Pleasant games for Thanksgiving, in which both old and young people are interested, are played as follows:

Transpositions—Write a list of words for each person present by using only once the letters found in the names of certain flowers, states, authors, etc., or any words you may select. The letters of these words transposed give the word sought.

For instance, take Rhododendron. Using the letters we have the words odd, or, end, horn. From Bachelor's Button, chub, lose, tab, torn. Massachusetts gives seat, suet, smash; or hats, seat, muses. Newfoundland, weld, nun, do, fan. North Carolina, no, chair, la, torn.

From Constance Fenimore Woolson, we have Moore, stain, scowl, fence, noon. It is much easier to ascertain the word sought if designated as a flower, author, etc., but it sharpens one's wits wonderfully to find them without any clue.

In the list of ten or a dozen words, which is about all a person will care to have at once, it is nice to include his or her name.—Claribel.

Rhyming.—Arrange the company in a line or circle around the room. Let the first one announce a line of poetry. The second must follow with a line that rhymes with the first and agrees with it in meter or measure. The third must follow with another, and so on around. If there are many in the company the last word of the first line should be one that has plenty of rhyming words. If the company is small, more difficult rhymes may be selected. In a recent game the following was the result. The first one repeated a line from one of Bryant's poems, and the others followed as indicated:

1. "Heaped in the hollows of the grove."
2. Lie all the ashes from our stove.
3. We'll scatter them all round the cove.
4. And cover up the treasure-trove.
5. Then you and I together, love,
6. Will all around this country rove.

A good deal of amusement is afforded by the odd and incongruous lines that are sometimes given. The line must be supplied in a given time, say one minute, or a forfeit must be paid.—G. C. H.

The Messenger.—The party are seated in line, or round the side of the room, and some one previously appointed enters with the message, "My master sends me to you, madam," or, "sir," as the case may be, directed to any individual he may select at his option. "What for?" is the natural inquiry. "To do as I do;" and with this the messenger commences to perform some antic which the lady or gentleman must imitate—say he wags his head side to side, or taps with one foot incessantly on the floor. The person whose duty it is to obey, commands his neighbor to the right or to the left to "Do as I do," also; and so on until the whole company is in motion, when the messenger leaves the room, re-entering it with fresh injunctions. While the messenger is in the room he must see his master's will obeyed, and no one must stop from the movement without suffering a forfeit. The messenger should be some one ingenious in making the antics ludicrous, and yet keep within moderate bounds, and the game will not fail to produce shouts of laughter.

Another game, of much the same character, is known by the title, "Thus says the Grand Seignor." The chief difference is that the first player is stationed in the center of the room and prefaces his movements, which the others must all follow, by the above words. If he varies his command by framing it, "So says the Grand Seignor," the party must remain still and decline to follow his example. Any one who moves when he begins with "So," or does not follow him when he commences with "Thus," has to pay a forfeit.

In North Dakota the killing of quail and English and Chinese pheasants is prohibited until 1906, and beaver and otter can not be trapped or killed until 1902.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Cherry Culture.

In a bulletin issued by the Delaware experiment station G. H. Powell says:

Cultivation of the Orchard.—It is essential to the highest success in cherry culture that the orchard receive thorough cultivation during its early life, and later when producing fruit, through the growing season. There is no objection to growing small fruits, or some other crop requiring frequent cultivation, between the rows for a few years, provided the land is given enough plant food to keep the trees in vigorous growth, and to maintain the crop between the trees. The mistake is frequently made of supplying the land with food enough only for the growing trees or for the secondary crop. The sweet cherry, however, is a coarse feeder and will thrive on less applied fertilizer than other fruits. When the land is too rich, or when too much stimulating fertilizer is applied, the entire energy of the tree may be deflected into wood growth. It is not uncommon to see cherry trees in garden spots that produce only annual crops of wood. Abundance of moisture is essential to the cherry during the bearing season, especially just preceding and during the ripening of the fruit. In a rational system of culture in bearing orchards, the land is plowed early in the spring and light cultivations follow every ten days, or whenever the land becomes baked, and after every rain, till the first or middle of July. The mechanical condition of the soil can be improved and its water holding power increased by turning under annual crops of crimson clover, or some other less nitrogenous cover crop. At the last cultivation, the crimson clover should be seeded at the rate of 10 to 12 lbs. per acre, but not till after the ground is put in as fine condition as the grower would like to have it preceding a wheat crop. Sufficient humus will be supplied the orchard in the fall growth of the clover, which should be plowed under as soon as the land is in condition to work in the spring. It is more essential to retain the moisture in the ground in the spring by early plowing and subsequent cultivation than to get the added amount of humus in the spring growth of the clover plant. Furthermore, the late plowing under of the clover may extend the growth of the wood beyond its natural period, and result in weak fruit buds for the coming year and unripened immature wood. Where the trees are making too vigorous growth, they may be checked by seeding the orchard down one year, or the crimson clover may be replaced by rye, buckwheat or winter oats. Phosphoric acid is of particular value in connection with nitrogenous fertilizers, as it seems to aid in maturing the wood in the fall.

Besides the nitrogen in the crimson clover, 150 to 250 lbs. of muriate of potash, and 300 to 500 lbs. of dissolved rock, may be considered a liberal dressing per acre for the sweet cherry. For the sour cherry, the writer is informed by C. K. Scoon, of Geneva, one of the most extensive growers in western New York, that he applies 3 lbs. of an 80 per cent muriate, and 2 lbs of a 14 per cent phosphoric acid per tree either in the spring, or when seeding with crimson clover.

Notes By the Way.

The drouth across the entire width of southern Iowa has been exceedingly severe. The water supply is a serious question. Said a leading farmer today: "A rain which would fill the holes in the draws would be worth many dollars to me. I have but one pasture out of four which has any water in it, save as it is pumped." Farmers are deepening their ponds, and adding to the strength of the dams.

Many of the young trees planted in the spring are as dead as stones. Quite a good many plants, shrubs and trees which are ironclad, so far as cold weather is concerned, cannot endure a drouth. Cherry trees are much more tender in drouth than the plum. Among the shrubs the hardy hydrangea must be watered or it will die. That fine shrub, the Japanese snowball, is a dear lover of water, must drink it or it too will perish. So must the evergreen shrub, the Siberian arbor vitae. This habit of these plants I learned by sad experience.

Apples in every direction have about all dropped off the trees. They are nearly all wormy, which must be the cause. The hot sun burned the south side of the fruit and in many cases caused it to rot on the trees. Many of the early potatoes have also suffered from the intense, persistent heat and are shriveled and leathery. At the groceries potatoes are selling at from 60 cents and upwards, and many are small.

The buckwheat crop, though short in stalk, is quite well filled. It is mostly cut. The youngsters are anticipating buckwheat cakes this winter with sorghum molasses on both sides, for nearly every farm has a good-sized patch of cane. It is being made at 30 cents a gallon, or on the halves.

The high price of wheat has caused quite a stir on the farms and a large breadth is sown to that grain. It was cultivated in and harrowed a couple of times. Spring wheat does not meet with much favor with us. Chinch bugs are hard on spring wheat.

There are large droves of cattle being fed. Two men, whose lands join mine, one nearly so, are each feeding 100 head and upwards, and there are numbers of others feeding less. A great many yearlings and two-year-olds are shipped into these parts from the north and are known as northern cattle. So far as I can see they compare well with those which we ourselves raise.

The Angora goat is also making a slow headway with us. Men buy them who have hazel land. It is claimed for them that they will quickly kill that underbrush. However, it takes eight wires to confine them to the pasture.

Since last fall several flocks of sheep have come into these parts. It is a cheering fact that so many are turning, in a measure, away from corn and hogs alone to other departments of farm work. Hereafter it will not be hogs and corn, and corn and hogs, as it hitherto has been.

The creameries, too, are aiding. Within five miles of my table are three creameries, and others come into that radius for milk. The industry is largely becoming co-operative. The stockholders are enthusiastic over it. The secretary of one told me that theirs paid 13 per cent annual dividends; in addition to the milk returned. Perhaps this business is the first link in the chain which will bind farmers together in a community of action.

It is a waste of the public funds to buy two-inch pine planks for culverts and bridges. As a rule, the lumber itself is from old, dead trees and is knotty and brittle. I never take a trip nowadays but what I have to drive around some uncrossable affair over a gully or dry creek channel. The floor, if it be two-inch, should be half-soled, or else of three-inch plank. One three-inch plank will outlast three two-inch floors. To put two-inch plank on a bridge is saving at the spigot and wasting at the bunghole. Farmers should see to it that their taxes are economically expended.

Good roads are blessings in various ways. So many farmers would not leave their old homes for town could they always have good roads on which to travel when they visit, or go to the postoffice, or to church, or other gathering. It is a positive pleasure to buggy ride over good roads behind a first-class span of roadsters.

In most cases the country roads have too wide grades. Narrow grades are the things. The ditches, too, on either side should be deep enough to keep the grades well drained. I suppose that I am an average tax-payer in this township, and I have reached the conclusion that the county should do all the road work. This county is doing quite a good deal, and the roads thus worked are by odds the best.

Edward B. Heaton.

More About Cherries.

The cherry thrives best in a warm, dry, loamy soil. The sour cherry likes more moisture and is hardier. Soils too dry, but otherwise favorable to the cherry, can often be improved by the addition of humus and by cultural aids. The land should receive frequent cultivation till the first or middle of July, and then be seeded to a cover crop. Plow early in the spring.

Place the orchard on an elevation sloping to the north. The fruit buds will be retarded in spring.

Sweet cherries should be planted 30 feet apart, and sour cherries 16 to 18 feet each way.

Select the buds for the future orchard from trees of a uniformly heavy bearing habit. The promiscuous selection of buds tends to make unlike trees in the orchard.

The sour cherry should be pruned similar to the peach. The sweet cherry should have three to five main arms. Start the tops low.

The finer types should be neatly packed in small packages. Too much care cannot be exercised in picking the fruit and placing it on the market in an attractive form.

Geographical varieties are as yet undeveloped, but existing varieties are very cosmopolitan. The most profitable sour cherries are the Montmorency and Early Richmond. Black Tartarian, Robert's Red Heart, Napoleon, Windsor and Dikeman are the most profitable sweets. Black Eagle, Mezel, Governor Wood, Coe's Transparent, Knight's Early Black, Yellow Spanish, Belle d'Orleans, and Louis Phillipe might be added for family use.

The brown rot is the most destructive fungous disease. It can be controlled by spraying and by picking the fruit just before ripe.

The black aphis and curculio are the worst insect enemies. Both are more destructive to the sweet varieties, though the curculio is sometimes serious in the sour kinds. Spraying controls the former and jarring the latter pest.

Sun scald and bursting of the bark are not uncommon in Delaware. Both of these difficulties are due to climatic influences. They are favored by nitrogenous fertilizers, late fall growth, and an exposed trunk. Care in the selection of soils and in subsequent fertilization, and a low-headed spreading form of tree reduces the danger.

Indexes of Good Farming.—We judge of a farmer by his farm, and of a farm by what we see in passing it, says a contemporary. If all is neat and tidy, fences and outbuildings, as well as dwelling house in good repair, if tools, wagons and machinery are housed and painted, and animals sleek and contented, we are satisfied that the owner is a good farmer and is prosperous.—Ex.

Grooming the Horse.—The principal reason for regular and thorough grooming is that the health of the horse requires that the pores of the skin be kept open by removing the dust and secretions, and that the muscles be rubbed, which would not otherwise be well exercised.—Ex.